



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

be approached by a three-mile journey up the bed of the stream, over fallen logs and huge rocks—a rough approach, which is well named Purgatory. It is a difficult journey, especially if made without a guide.

Four miles from Alleghany Springs there is a beautiful little fall, the name of which is derived from a sad occurrence that happened there a few years ago. This was the death of a young gentleman named Stiles, the son of a prominent clergyman of Richmond. He was visiting the Falls, with his sister and a party of friends, and, to obtain a better view, he climbed the tree in the foreground of Mr. Woodward's drawing, when a great vine that he caught hold of gave way, and he fell dead at their feet. From that day the Falls have borne his name.

Goshen Pass, in Rockbridge County, is the wildest and most picturesque Pass in the Old Dominion. The mountains nowhere rise to a greater altitude than nine hundred feet, but they are so close together and so perpendicular that their height appears much greater. The North River runs through this Pass, in some places as placidly and quietly as possible, in others strewn with the rocks it has dislodged and broken. It is nine miles in length. Two miles from its southern end are the Rockbridge Baths, one of the finest summer resorts in the Old Dominion, where visitors should stop, if they wish to study the Goshen Pass, of which they can obtain but a slight idea as they drive past it in the stage at night.

SNOW.

THE word Snow, which is so often in our mouths at this season, is a key that will open the gate of a World of Thought beside which the Fairy Land of the story-tellers is common. The mere sight of it suggests the great processes of Nature by which it is formed,—the mysteries of water and air, the conspiracy of wind and cold. Before it was it existed in the waters that perpetually rise from the earth, climbing the invisible ladders of space until they reach the clouds, by which they are taken up and sustained, and in which they journey around the earth. They ascend in mist; they descend in dew, and rain, and snow. The dew is fresh and sparkling, the rain beautiful, abundant, and powerful, but the Snow—the soft, white, crystalline, chaste Snow—what can exceed its loveliness? A body of which mist was the soul, it comes down to us clothed in angelic robes that sparkle all over with jewels. We see it coming, flake by flake, wafted from its parent cloud that hovers above us unseen, and gathering, flake by flake, until the ground is at last covered, as with a great white mantle. A flurry of wind sets it whirling and spinning in the maddest of all mad dances. What is

it most like? One of our poets compares it to a swarm of bees—"The wild white bees of winter." The fancy is pretty and apt, but it belongs to Hans Christian Andersen.

There is a world of poetry in snow, as we have hinted, and it does not end with its advent among us. Elemental in its origin, it continues its elemental work, and preserves what it seems to destroy. Its uses are many, as the utilitarians say, and chief among them is the fight that it makes against its tyrannous relative—Frost. It wages this fight in behalf of that tender family—the plants, which is never so safe as

thological writers of both countries will remember. The tamest winter bird there, as here, is the children's favorite—the robin.

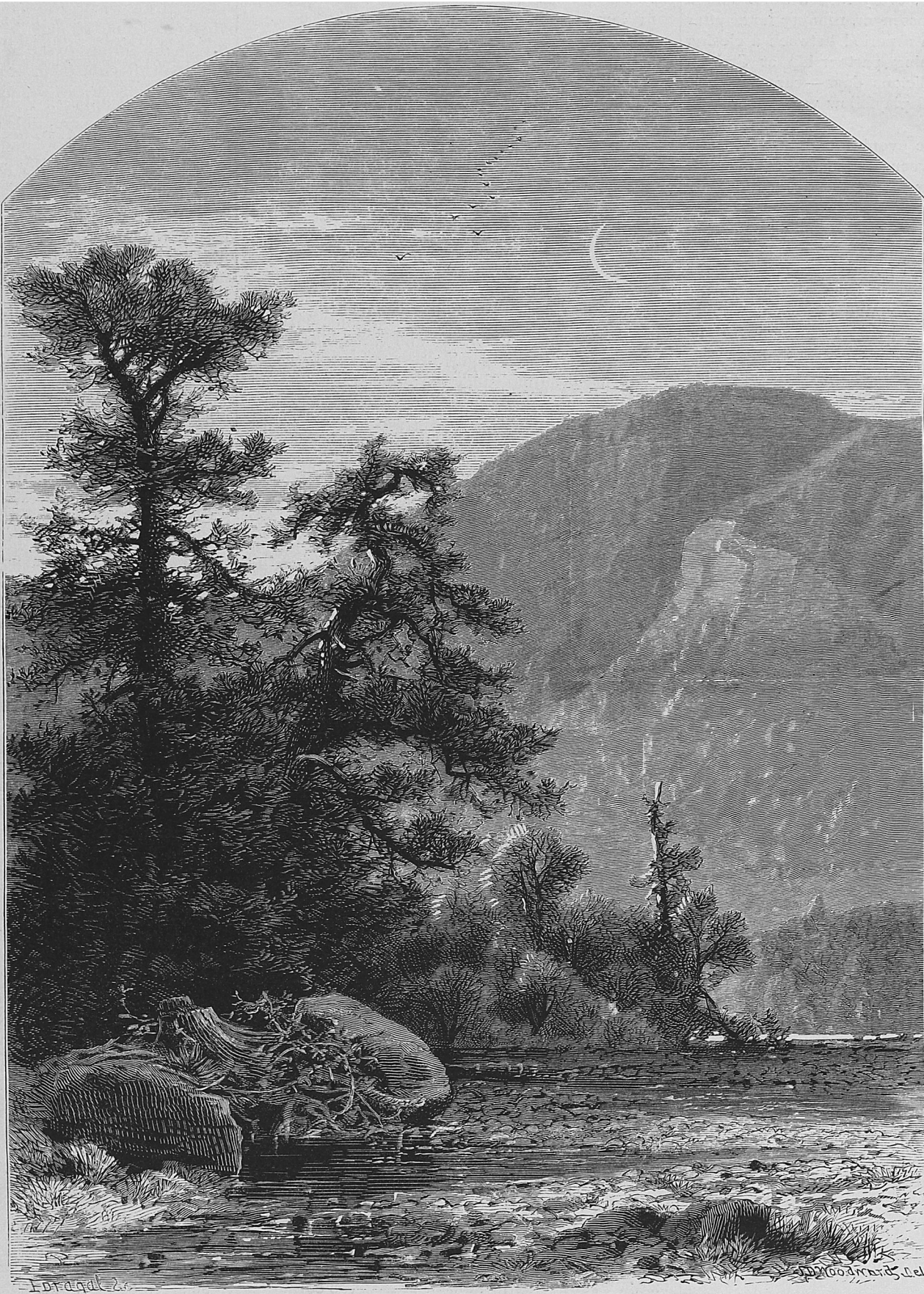
It is man, however, who imparts the greatest charm to this snow-poetry—man and his surroundings in town and country. Who that has once seen the country snowed up can ever forget that beautiful, dazzling, dream-like sight. We recall a winter in New England, years ago, when the snow was at least three feet high on a level, and six or seven feet high in drifts. The fields were completely buried; roads there were none. The first thing to be done was

to dig an archway through the great drifts that had piled themselves against the doors. Then came the shoveling of a path to the barn, that the cattle might be fed. The wood pile and chopping log were next excavated, by which time it was afternoon. It was not until the next day that the children were allowed to go out of doors. When the roads were cleared they hitched their sleds to passing teams and sleighs, and were dragged to the village and back. Those who had no sleds amused themselves by snow-balling those who had, and, when these were out of their reach, by snow-balling each other. All children, especially boys, take to snow-balling as naturally as ducks take to water, or seals take to ice. It is an instinct with them the world over. It tingles in the fingers of the country boy and the city boy—in the rich man's son and the poor man's son—and for the time they are equals.

Mr. J. G. Brown has recognized this fact in the illustration which he has drawn for this number of *THE ALDINE*, and has given us a good example of the snow-balling boy of the period. He is the "street boy" of New York, the boy who lives by his wits, or, in other words, by his fingers. He is impudent and bold, and ready for everything—but school. He is especially ready

for a fight. If he can have his choice, he prefers to have his fights come off in winter. It is so jolly to make an armful of hard snow-balls, and hide behind the box of a tree, to wait for and waylay his victim! He looks rough and determined, this neglected descendant of Lazarus, but put young Master Dives in his place, with his business to do, and he will look so too. A breezy winter lyric, his pulse dances to this tune:

"Naught is so fine as a winter day,
When it clears, and the snow is done falling:
I wish it could never be shoveled away,
But all used up in snow-balling!
There's lots of fun in a tip-top sleigh,
When you've some one to do the hauling;
And skates aren't bad,—but for play, boys, play—
The best of all is snow-balling!"



GOSHEN PASS.—J. D. WOODWARD.

when folded deeply in its white embrace. Cold to us, it is warm to them, and it keeps them alive by keeping them dry. How it does this we leave the philosophers to explain: we only repeat what they have told us.

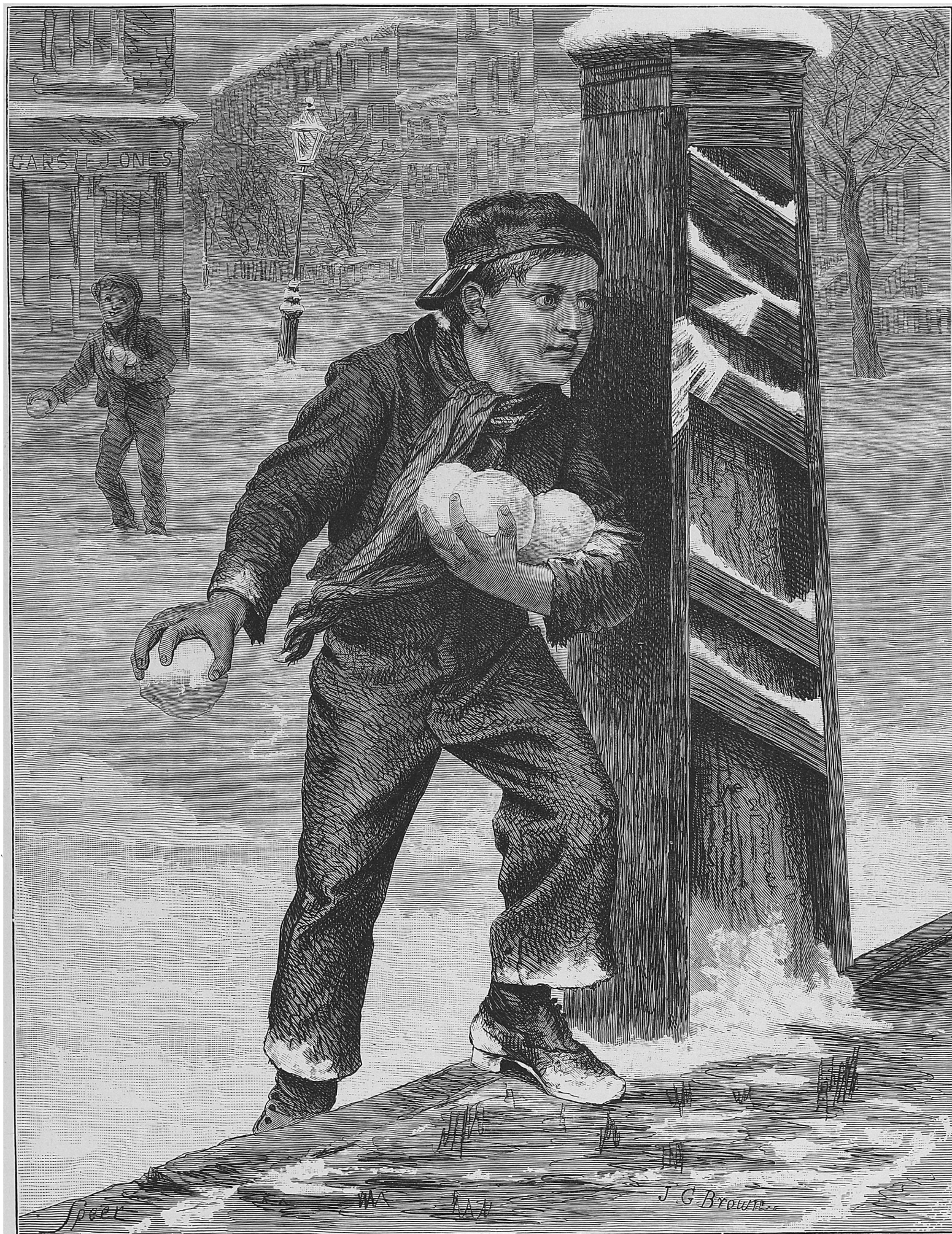
The earthly poetry of snow, if we may coin the expression, begins when its elemental poetry ends. It begins in the woods when the branches are covered with the innumerable blossoms of winter; and it begins among the habitations of man when the farmyards are drifted over. Wherever man is, and birds and animals are, we find the poetry of snow. It comes to us with the birds who have not migrated, and who now approach our dwellings in flocks in search of food. The number is much greater in England than in America, as those who are familiar with the orni-

The Alline

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.



AN ATTACK IN THE REAR.—J. G. BROWN.